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HUMOROUS WEEKLY

Puck

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OFFICE Nº 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



"LE PREMIER PAS—."

Turkey:—"JUMP IN, OLD FELLOW, AND GIVE US A HAND. IT'S NOT HALF SO BAD WHEN YOU'RE ONCE IN IT!"

OFFICE OF PUCK 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 22 & 24 CHURCH ST N.Y.

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Editor "PUCK",
 13 North William St., New York.

PUCK'S CARTOONS.

LE PREMIER PAS.

THE world almost hangs upon the words of Dizzy Beaconsfield, the English Prime Minister, that it may no longer be in suspense as to whether he is going to take a hand in the Russo-Turkish struggle. What are British interests, and are they imperiled? But Beaconsfield is the modern Sphinx, and makes no sign. The clever London cartoon which Puck reproduces, represents him as ready, but in doubt, to take the plunge, notwithstanding the cordial invitation of Turkey, who seems positively to revel in the fun, despite the unpleasant proximity of the Russian shark.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

PUCK is thoroughly independent in politics. He rushed down to the Neckar to welcome Conkling, after the great Senator's short trip across the Atlantic, and will be ready to receive Tilden with open arms when ever he returns to the land of which he fondly hoped to be president. Puck has not hesitated to express his opinion of that disappointed demagogue, Blaine, and will always be found on the side of truth and justice with his usual impartiality. Puck, therefore, accords the republican party platform in Ohio the palm for common sense, so far as the monetary question is concerned. Hard money is wanted if even the country has to put itself to considerable inconvenience to obtain it. The democratic greenback acrobat, although getting a fair start with his silver confrère, has come irredeemably to grief with the inflation ditch.

TALMADGE still continues his variety show at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Says he: "God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago." Why doesn't somebody knock out all his *blanked* nonsense, and prevent the *blanked* mountebank from preaching any more of his *blanked* sermons?

CONSTABLE FERRIS, of Atkinson, Mo., is a character of local celebrity. He struck a man on the head with his club, and broke it. The populace approved the act, and a midnight serenade was the result. There was no commitment, bail nor trial, and both parties are still at large. N.B.—We omitted to state that it was the club which was broken.

THERE is nothing which so disconcerts the average country editor, who is writing a weighty article on the "Future of European Civilization, as viewed from the experience of past ages, coupled with a retrospective glance at the relations of the Great Powers," as to have a subscriber enter the sanctum unannounced and inquire with ardor, "Which way did Jones's steer run, up or down the street?"

SANCTUM SECRETS.

GENERALLY speaking editors are of two great classes. Either they know very little (which is the first class) or they know nothing at all (which is the second and principal one). Like all necessary evils there are various subdivisions of editors. These are more or less numerous but usually more so. There is a great deal of gravity about an editor on paper, but to know him intimately you must see him outside of the newspaper office. Following will be found something about an editor when he is not an editor; that is, in the way in which he would not be recognized by those who don't know him:

The most impressive man (on paper) in a newspaper office is the dramatic critic. He is very disdainful, and writes illegibly. During the summer he goes to the Aquarium and speaks of the stuffed specimens as lacking in animation and intuitive power of expression. There is very little to be said of his appearance, and that little is not favorable.

The average military editor is less valiant in his personal relations than on paper. In times of disturbance his effusions are very gory and reek with blood, havoc, flame, carnage and annihilation. He deploys myriads of soldiers, and devastation follows in his wake. Perchance you notice in the street next day a little man of tottering gait, subdued aspect and general subserviency. People point at him and say: "There goes the military editor."

The fighting editor is not so indispensable as he was. Since the compositors have tackled the Russian war names, the editors state that there is fighting enough in the office. The fighting editor has probably joined the Whig party, though we have some doubt of this, since the minutest investigation has failed to reveal any one to join.

He seemed to be of quiet disposition and affectionate. The sadness of domesticity wrapped his brow, and his tones were low, feeble and almost self-accusatory. A smile never gleamed on his doleful visage, and sorrow seemed to have marked him out early. He was wheeling a baby's carriage and to an inquiry a bystander responded: "Yes, that's he, he writes the jokes for the comic papers."

The amateur journalist who contributes humorous items to the local papers, and requests the editor to "take them for what they are worth," is not remunerated, as a rule.

There is only one trait which links the political editor to the rest of humanity, and proves him to be a man. He has no sympathy for the young man who writes the love sonnets.

Perhaps the saddest sight which ever falls to the lot of a compositor is to see the chess editor trying to be funny. It almost reconciles him to the paragraphist.

There is nothing which so ruffles the equanimity of the literary editor as to be told that the paper goes to press in five minutes and that they are short three base-ball items.

The religious editor is generally a pretty hard swearer, but as he has to report fifteen Sunday sermons in time for Saturday's edition, we don't blame him.

The local editor of the country paper lives a life of seclusion, trial and self-sacrifice, but if he can locate some notability in the vicinity for two weeks in the summer, he dies happy.

The man who enters the newspaper office stealthily and asks if the editor is out, is a man to be avoided (if possible).

If a hated rival dubs the managing editor "a base, low and degraded excrescence, by courtesy called a sneak, scoundrel, coward and black-mailer," he bears it with composure. But if the office-boy mislays his scissors, the fury of the Avenging Angel is like child's play in comparison.

Puckerings.

ELI PERKINS sympathises with the Bulgarians. This is the worst blow they have received.

JENNY LIND didn't have that baby after all. But Susan B. Anthony calmly folds her arms and remarks: "Principles, not Women!"

THE hope which has been assiduously fondled during the summer that Wendell Phillips has subsided, is delusive. He is preparing for a renewed attack.

Now does the wily bank director find a deficit of ten thousand dollars, and exclaim: "This comes of supporting men in idleness; ordered that there be a reduction of ten per cent. on the salary of the night-watchman."

THIS is just about the season that the guests at the suburban resort gather on the verandah; and to the buzz of the festive mosquito, the weary movement of palm-leaf fans, and the general sultriness, exclaim in concert: "O! how hot it must be in the city."

THIS is the season when the midnight ravager stalks through our crowded thoroughfares, leaving behind him a trail of destruction marked by the groans of a stricken population, a lingering odor of peripatetic Ethiopian and a faint echo of "corn—hot corn—'eres yer nice hot corn!"

AND NOW Roscoe Conkling returns to Utica, and stands under the back stoop, holding on to the lightning-rod, and responds to the serenade of the Sons of Oneida with the remark that "there is nothing like this—nothing—in all Europe."

We should be careful how we play with the tender heart of woman. It is no light responsibility we take upon ourselves when we seek to light the flame of love in a maiden's breast. Here is Miss Burke, of Cleveland, who has just committed suicide to calm the pangs of affection unrequited since 1848, when her fiancé basely deserted her.

THE valorous Roumanian haunts the gory field after the battle is over. It is for this reason that he is so often met by the erudite war correspondent. They bewail together the atrocities. Two or three days later the Albanian arrives, to find the place shorn of valuables by the parties aforesaid. Then he re-crosses the Balkans, and tells how he drove the Russians before him.

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a *beautiful* young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterwards married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty seven with false teeth, and said:

"Yes, ma'am. But I don't know how to swim."

It was in Jefferson City. An itinerant Ishmael has besought aid, and a Jefferson City Samaritan has shared with him the comfort of the back-piazza. "My, my!" said the tramp rising in haste and drawing a massive gold watch from his shepherd's-plaid vest, "I must be going, there's that kettle-drum at six at the Birchards."

THEN AND NOW.

WHEN life was bright, and balmy youth
Was mine with innocence and truth,
And care was never ruling me,
I loved a damsel fair and gay,
Who to my doubting words would say,
In a caressing, smiling way,
Indeed she wasn't fooling me.

She told the truth—we soon were wed;
The honeymoon long since has fled,
And now she'd oft be ruling me.
Besides these matrimonial ills,
She'll dress in naught but silks and frills,
And when I see those awful bills,
I wish she had been fooling me.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE LAST OF THAT MULE.

At last the mule problem, that for three weeks has been agitating society, is solved! A correspondent this week has hit upon the solution, which PUCK feared he would have to give himself.

The following is the letter of the guilty man.

WILMINGTON, N. C., August 6, 1877.

Dear Puck:

The stamp on the canal mule, of course, was canceled, as he was struck just where the stamp was; hence "Anxious Subscriber's" loss appears to be \$3.26; but such is not the case in reality, for he gained instead of lost by his transaction. He doesn't say that original owner took back the counterfeit note—nothing of the kind; but he gave him in addition thereto 84 cents in postage-stamps; hence, allowing for the stamp that was destroyed, his gain was \$1.74. For if "A. S." didn't succeed in passing the counterfeit \$5 on a grocer, it is presumable that he did pass it on a saloon-keeper, or some other innocent person.

But the question is: "How does he stand on the mule?" Of course, as he has already paid for the funeral expenses, it is inferred therefrom that the mule was buried or cremated; and if such was the case, then he doesn't stand on the mule at all. If, however, he is still unburied, after being dead for so long a time, it is my opinion that "A. S." stands on the mule with his boots on, and also that he fortifies himself with 3½ tons of carbolic acid.

Yours, O. B. L. JR.

We also print the ensuing communications from unsuccessful correspondents. We print them merely as warnings—awful examples of perverted human ingenuity.

N. Y., August 7, 1877.

Editor of Puck:

DEAR SIR—I have read with interest the question of your "Anxious Inquirer." After giving my careful attention to the problem, I have concluded that the original proprietor of the mule made on the transaction with the "Anxious Inquirer"—who seems to be a person of weak mind, and worthy of very little consideration—exactly \$3.23. That is, three dollars, minus eighty-four cents, given to placate the deluded buyer, and plus one dollar and seven cents for funeral expenses, with which he would otherwise have been chargeable.

Of this I am as certain as I am that two gallons make one quart, and, if you will allow the usual lee way for heterophemy, I will sign, *Colophonem dare*,

Yours etcetera,

R. G. W.

Dear Puck:

I have finally decided to tell all I know in regard to that mule question.

My friends have wondered why I didn't have something to say about it before, but my innate modesty held me back.

I never was much at algebra, geometry, cube-roots and things, but my sound practical sense invariably comes to my rescue in cases of this kind.

Now if it were a mere question of arithmetic, I should say the man loses \$3.26 by the mule transaction. But it is evident that we must look further into the matter before hastily deciding on an answer.

This was a more than ordinarily depraved mule. The original owner, who was probably well acquainted with the animal, alludes to it as a "damn mule." This must be taken into consideration.

The loss of a mule of that sort would be worth at least \$15.00 to any man.

This fact admitted, the rest of the operation is simple, viz:

Benefit by death of mule.....	\$15 00
Amt. expended on acct. of mule....	3 26
Balance.....	\$11 74

This leaves a clear gain of \$11.74, which I herewith present to the world as the only correct answer to the mule problem.

The mule is the only party to the transaction that has any cause to "kick" about my figures; but as he is now dead, I don't care.

Figuratively yours,

WM. S. GIDLEY,
361 West 31st St., N. Y. City.

LONG BRANCH, August 13th.

Dear Puck:

I buy a canal mule for three dollars, and sell him for a counterfeit five-dollar bill. Hence I am eight dollars out. Then I get 84 cents' worth of stamps, which I value at fifty cents. Then the mule is struck by lightning, and it costs me \$1.07 for funeral expenses, which I refuse to pay. Besides I owe \$12 for the mule's board for three days, which also I promise not to pay. This is the end of the matter. If the mule can stand it, I suppose I can.

G. C. B.

NEW YORK BAY.

Dear Puck:

The mule question was first decided by me in 1849, since which time I have been appealed to on similar topics, and have decided them to the satisfaction of every one (including myself). This closes the controversy.

G. W. B.

[Put this in large type and in a prominent place.

G. W. B.]

COHOES, N. Y., August 8, 1877.

Editor Puck:

DEAR SIR—"Anxious Inquirer" is giving you a grand guy. He never got no mule for \$3. He is coming some sawdust game on you. Distrust him.

A FRIEND.

PORT JERVIS, August 10th.

Dear Puck:

I suggest that you refer the mule question to some one familiar with the management of mules. I am a ward, and know nothing about it.

P. D. Q.

August 9, 1877.

That man lost \$3.26 and the mule.

A. F. REED.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MERMAIDS.

Dear Puck:

The Mermaid is a young lady who lives in the sea. Why she lives in the sea, in preference to dry land, is not so clear, unless it saves rent.

A Mermaid is very careful of her costume, which consists chiefly of her hair, and never goes out without an umbrella to protect it, in case of rain.

At home, these people have conveniences and comforts not possessed by ordinary mortals, conspicuous among which are their excellent water privileges. They have water up and down-stairs, and in the basement, and a wash-room in every corner of the house. They are brought up to go in swimming whenever they please. Sometimes a resplendent creature will sit at the piano and sing, "Mother, may I go out to swim?" and then climb upon the mantelpiece and take a plunge before the old lady can say, "Yes, my darling," &c.

I do not know what they do for a livelihood, unless they take in washing; but it cannot be denied that they get along swimmingly.

They are never troubled with the dust, which is another advantage of being a Mermaid; and they are never obliged to water the flowers, except in the very driest season.

They are very neighborly, and it is seldom you will see the pump-handle chained down to keep others from using the water.

The old lady Mermaid is careful of her children's health, and may often be heard to say:

"Mary Ann, you and Becky Jane fetch Gailie Hamilton Fish right in the house this instant. 'The fust thing you'll know you'll git your feet wet, and then you'll be howlin' around with the croup!"

There is a great deal of unwritten history connected with the Mermaid which ought to be supplied. Like other maids, they sometimes betray unsuspecting young men. One of them fell in love with Leander, if you remember; and one day, when he was taking a swim, she approached him, and, without an introduction, insisted upon him accompanying her home. She was very beautiful, and Leander did not make a great kick against going.

According to Mr. Hood, who was a gentleman whose word could not be questioned, she bundled him up in her embrace, and took him along.

It was a bad move for Leander. He wasn't used to the climate into which he was being hurried, and he lasted about as long as it would take you to say, "Grannywillyourdogbiteno childno," without any punctuation marks or anything else to delay you.

There was no Coroner on hand to hold an inquest on the drowned boy; but had there been, a clear case could have been made out against the love-sick Mermaid. *Could* have been made out, mark you. There is no telling what the jury would have returned. It is more than likely, however, that the verdict would have been: "We, the" &c., "find that the deceased came to his death by being kicked in the stomach by a mule, not knowing that the same was loaded."

It was a peculiarly sad case. Leander had left a young bride on shore who was waiting his return, with warm kisses on her lips and hot biscuits on the stove. CRIS.

P. S.—If you do not think of it before, please stop the press to say that Mermaids do not chew gum.

"THERE is said to be a girl somewhere in New England whose heart was so warm that it burnt through her bosom." Says an *Ex*.

This is nothing to a good-looking girl we know, whose heart is so cold that it freezes on to a fellow's in no time.

FRIENDSHIP'S WATCH.



HALF an hour to wait
Before his sweetheart's gate—
That other fellow's—

A sense of solitude
No weed, however good,
Entirely melloes.

Within, in surreptitious,
Ecstatic, dear, delicious
Delights he revels:
I linger lone outside,
In friendship bound to bide,
Prey to blue devils.

O chum of mine within,
Wooing, so sure to win,
Spite of her father!
Some time ere next November
May it please you to remember
I'm restless—rather.

And thou whom Jack implores,
Think of Jack's friend outdoors,
Serving thee, his way;
Breathe one soft prayer above,
That Fate may send, or Love,
Some fair maid this way.

Some girl with time to waste—
Dainty—I trust thy taste,
Thou who petite art—
But make her *very* fair,
Like—Jove!—like that one there—
Thank you, Jack's sweetheart!

PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY OUR OWN HERALD.

THE average swain avoids instinctively the stern parient. This leads the *Avalanche* to exclaim that the ball base editor is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS could never "shake hands across the bloody chasm" because the other man would have his hand frost-bitten.

Oakey Hall has gone to Bulgaria to become an atrocity for which position he is well qualified.

LORENZO MORISINI, the last of the *Tribunes*, has been adopted by Jay Gould, who will act as his protector. L. M. is in stature six feet, and weighs 300 pounds, more or less.

WHEN in the course of human events the grasshopper went west, and the potato-bug and Colorado beetle took their summer vacation there arose in the quiet hamlet of Wauscon the man with the new patent in lightning-rods. He was not molested, but some of the townspeople said as they packed their trunks for departing, that it was scarcely the fair thing to have all their inflictions at once, especially since both banks had failed, the county-treasurer defaulted, and two suspected deacons were organizing a revival movement.

THEY loved each other, though he seemed to put more animation into it than she did. The parents, however, were adverse, and so they stated. Then the young man haunted the river-bank and became morose, and wrote epics. The young woman wept. When Cassander heard this, he sent her the following epistle: "I call you Dolly for the last time. We shall never meet again. We have been all in all to each other. I shall bear your loss with as much fortitude as possible. We all must come to it. One plunge in the silent stream, and all is over. How we shall miss you! I shall continue at the store as heretofore."

A FADED ROSE.



T WAS in June time,
And at noon time;
I sat basking in the sun,

Softly creeping,
Sadly weeping,

To my chamber came the one,

Fair of features,
Best of creatures,

Whom I joy to call my own.

"Why this grieving?"

Said I, heaving

Loud a sympathizing moan,

"Sure, my dearest,

'Tis the queerest

Sight that e'er on earth was seen,

You a-sighing,

And a-crying.

Who have always joyous been.

Why so whitely,

And unsightly,

Look thy cheeks—where is their bloom?

Where their roses,

Holy Moses!

What portends their shroud of gloom?

Thy once mellow

Skin is yellow,

Heavens! it cannot, must not be,

That this sighing

Shows thee dying;

Darling, I will die with thee.

Tell me, Bella,

Tell a fellow,

Why dost look so wan and faint?"

Said she, "Billy,

Don't be silly,

Don't you see I'm out of paint?"

JAS. R. CAMPBELL.

PUCK'S COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

PUCK OFFICE,
Tuesday, August 14th.

BUSINESS has been wonderfully brisk in Croton water.

Whiskey goes down well with those who drink it. Lager retains its price of five cents per glass, although we hear of sales of schooners at the same price. Pork is very much in sympathy with hogs. Oates is quiet, and will continue so until she has another hack at opéra-bouffe.

ASHES are not in demand by dust-carts. Large stocks are held in Five Points and Tenth Avenue houses.

BEESWAX is not so firm, owing to the hot weather. This is remarkable, as the bees have struck for higher pay, have deposed their queens, and issued a declaration of independence. A Puck reporter was sent to interview a prominent member of the Centennial mead hives on Broadway, and received stinging replies to his questions. He went home.

COFFEE is still weak. We regret to say, we've found it so for several mornings past at breakfast; and if the landlady can't make it better, we shall be compelled to fall back on Bourbon. Sales last week, by our grocer (to us), consisted of half-a-pound Maracaibo for 12 cents, which will be paid for a month after convenience, unless he, the corner-grocer, fortunately bursts up in the meantime.

COPPER is scarce with us, as are some other coined metals. We don't expect to see any copper until we change one of the thousand-dollar bills next Saturday when we receive our week's salary.

DRUGS are very much so in our market. We've half a box of seidlitz powders we'll sell cheap.

Our "juniper" bottle is quite empty. Camphor has been sold at five cents a lump; we bought it to keep the moths out of our clothes. N.B. A lump is about the size of a piece of chalk.

FEATHERS are as light as ever, and there is no prospect of their getting cheaper—although it is reported that some brakemen, among whom was Mr. Hildebrandt Montrose, used them to strike with.

TAPIOCA is cheap and very abundant.

TAFFY freely offered. No takers.

TEAS—Our wife is as great as ever. Market strong.

Answers for the Anxious.

CALYPSO.—Collapse!

DUGALD.—We will try to use it.

AMATEUR.—Your name settles you.

HASELTINE.—She did, and she will again.

A. W.—We don't like to use slang—but—you *git*!

J. ANTHONY J.—Not bad; but we think you can do better.

HOSTETTER.—We wouldn't have it if you paid us \$17,000,000 dollars.

JAY-HAWK.—Don't say "in our midst." It's not English. Try again.

VASSAR.—1: It is his real name. 2: About 39 or 40. 3: He is not married. 4: It would not be *quite* the thing.

EUREKA.—You may have found it; but we'll be blessed if we have. We allude to the joke in your article.

FRENZIED.—Oh, she loves you—or she doesn't love you—we don't care a continental. Ask *him*—ask Mr. Dana.

T. V. ROE.—"Have you the stuff in you for a paragrapher?" Well, from the sample of stuff sent us, we should think you *had*.

R. L. R.—*Tame* doesn't rhyme with *vain*, and if you have that erroneous idea, that's where Prosody has got the inside track on you.

CULINARY.—What under the sun do you suppose PUCK knows about doing-up horseradish? We never did up horseradish in our lives. We suppose you do it up just as you do up shirts and pillow-cases, and such things.

UNTAH.—If we thought you had survived the construction of that paragraph of yours, we should probably have some criticism to make on it. But, unless you have a cast-iron conscience, you are by this time sitting on the other side of Jordan, wondering disconsolately why you did it.

DENVER.—If you carry out your threat, and come fooling around this office with any "Indian Stories," we'll regard you as a hostile Comanche, and open a campaign with the office shears that will make you think you've struck Captain Jack and Wild Bill and the Sanguinary Slayer of the Sierras, all together.

J. A. PETTENGILL.—Now we know the name of the man who blew out the gas. It was Pettengill. Come, confess, isn't he some relation of yours? At least you're distantly connected with the woman who lit the fire with kerosene? Don't deny it. We can trace very clearly the family traits. Only here's where those two got ahead of you, J. A.—they died.

NELLIE G. W.—If your object in sending us "How He Kisses Me" was to tantalize us, you have missed it. We flatter ourselves that we can sling the gay and festive osculation ourselves in about as neat and artistic a style as anybody else, and if you wish to give us the chance, we will double-discount your young man and beat him half a length, any day in the week.

BARBE-BLEUE.—We had a respect for your namesake, who had a highly commendable way of discouraging superfluous females. But the family must have run down fearfully to have produced, in this generation, a poet who drivels forth such feebly amorous verses as yours on "My Little Darling Rose." If your little darling rose to any purpose, she would wreak a bloody vengeance on you for writing those lines. *You're* a healthy Bluebeard, you are!

FIDES.—We recognize your paragraph. When Cheops, then but a callow youth, sat with Susan B. A on the site of the pyramid afterwards erected to commemorate his fame, he whispered that paragraph in her ear, and she blushed and smiled and looked down and said, with the melodious giggle of girlhood: "Oh dear, you newspaper-men are so funny." But both grew older and wiser in after years, and we will not publish your paragraph, for fear it might touch a tender chord in her heart, and awaken painful memories. Cheops, you will remember, weakened disgracefully before the wedding-day.

THE PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.



1. M. le Professeur Aristide Hippolyte Blanc has come to Vassar to teach the young ladies the art of elocution "on ze système Delsarte."



2. "You see, Mesdemoiselles, ze action must be suit to ze word!"



3. "Ven I vish to express eagairness—zen I ron!"



4. "Zis ees Contemplation. M. Marius on ze ruins of Car-r-rtazhe."



5. "Ze calm grandeur of dess-s-spair. Ze dernier Mohiquan."



6. "Ze dying Gladiateur!"
No further representations this season.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

XXI.

SARATOGA—III.



Ya-as, you see I am aw still at Sarwatoga, and manage to kill time tolerably fairly. Everwybody in a hotel here is called a guest—doosid widiculous to call a fellow a guest when he has to pay gweenbacks to the landlord for his wooms and wine and pwog. A gweat many people have the horrible habit of eating in the middle of the day for dinnaw. I simply can't do it. So after I've taken some luncheon, we aw take a dwive. There are not an extwaordinarwy number of woads to dwive on, or places to dwive to. Two or thrwee miles fwom the hotels, on a verwy wough and uninterwesting woad, there is a lake, and a wewfeshment-saloon near it. Fellaws go there and eat fwied potatoes—curwious custom—and dwink champagne. By the way, talking of champagne, Amerwicans call wine champagne. If a fellow says he thinks he'll take some wine, the waitaw always bwings champagne. What horrible ignorance this

betways. A glass of dwy champagne is all verwy well; but as a wule it's only fit for women and childwen. He-ah it's dwunk in a most weckless manner.

There are two or thrwee screw steamers which steam about the lake, which is of fwesh water, and fellaws can take twips in them. I dwove tandem to this place, and people on the woad looked as if they'd nevah seen anything like it before. I take a west when I weturn to the hotel, and then dwess for dinnaw, which we have at a pwivate table—couldn't weally put up with people who stuff their table-napkins down their necks, and make their throats and mouths sheaths for knives—a sort of Indian sword-twick, yer know. I am told it is in weality the national Amerwican pwactice.

After dinnaw we stwoll about a little more, and I find I'm obliged to talk to some Amerwican girls of the wepublican arwistocwacy, pwincipally daughters of fellaws in some kind of twade. Jack Carnegie said that a gweat many of these young women were desperwately anxious to be intwoduced aw to me. I dessay they are. Still, after all, yer know, I can sometimes fwitter away a wearwy hour or so in talking to the soft Amerwican cweatures, and listening to their pwattle.

In the evening there is dancing in the ball-wooms; but, yer know, I aw don't dance. The majority of fellaws wear shooting-jackets to hop in—as they call it.

Sarwatoga looks wather jolly at night when the moon is bwight, and all that sort of thing, and the lamps are glimmerwing and shimmerwing on the verwandahs, and people wander about pwomiscuously among the differwent hotels. I want to say something about the cwowd at Sarwatoga—*oi polloi*, yer know, and what appears to aw interwest them. A member of the Amerwican New York State House of Lords is a doosid queer-looking sort of fellow. He has something to do with waces and a club. I feel tired now, so shall take some bwandy-and-sodah and go to bed, and may make more wemarks about Sarwatoga at a future perwiod.

A STATESMAN HEARD FROM.

THE Free-Soil party held a meeting at Downer's Landing, Mass., on the 9th inst. To the 12 men of '48, there congregated, the following letter from John G. Whittier was read. It was in prose:

"GREETING TO THE MEN OF '48: Thanks to a Divine Providence which has enabled us to see the end for which we labored 30 years ago. The slave States are free. Let us draw them closer to us by a generous confidence and kind offices."

When the word "offices" reached the ears of Charles Francis Adams, he leapt seven feet into the air, and exclaimed: "Why was I not told of this before?"

THE BALLAD OF SMITHINGTON SIMMS.

CANTO FIRST.

I.
SMITHINGTON SIMMS he was a bachelor—

A man distrustful of all women's truth—
And verily not without some reason, for
He had been jilted in his early youth;
And, as the ancient adage well hath said,
The scalded feline doth hot water dread.

II.

Wherefore the ice-cream dealer knew him not,
Nor knew him he who dealt in valentines;
He asked no gentle maid to share his lot;
But thought th' entire sex harbored deep designs
Against the heart that once went nigh to break—
Thus he gave femininity the shake.

III.

Yet, steel our hearts against her as we may,
Must lovely woman enter in our lives;
And unto Smithington arrived the day
When he too envied happy men with wives.
Perchance the happy men—such things may be—
Cast looks of envy upon Simms the Free.

IV.

However that may be in Simms's heart
There stole a strange desire to be a fool—
To yoke himself to the domestic cart,
And curb his freedom 'neath uxorial rule.
Tired of the rigors of a lonely life, he
Resolved to have a pitty itty wife.

V.

"But where, oh where," our hero cried, in doubt,
"May I th' ideal of my soul behold?
In what strange region must I seek her out—
Not like the Jane Eliza loved of old—
How was't her broken vows did never choke her,
False girl! before she married Brown the Broker?"

VI.

While thus he buzzed the unresponsive air,
And interviewed unanswering vacancy,
Musingly seated in his study chair,
His wandering eye lit on his Darwin—"Jerusalem!"
He reached the book down from the shelf:
"I'll evolve a woman for myself!"

VII.

Fierce energy, all obstacles that routs,
Smithington Simms inherited from his sire;
Nor yet had matrimonial course of sprouts
Tamed his high spirit or subdued his fire;
With him all thought in action quick bore fruit—
And he determinéd to evolve.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Now in far Afric's wilds our Simms we find,
Girt like a mighty Nimrod for the chase;
Revolvers in his belt, fore and behind,
A broad-brimmed tile o'ershadowing his face.
Why is the Smithington thus strange arrayed?
And Love responds: He seeks a Simian Maid.

II.

Long has he wandered, fearless, yet alone—
Save for some friends among the natives found.
Well to the gay giraffe our hero's known;
The tiger once or twice hath ta'en him round:

So intimate he, he even says "old hoss"
To th' elephant and the rhinoceros.

III.

But still, of all the population, one
Class most desired eludes his constant quest:
"No fair gorilla maid," he murmurs, "None
Appears to still the longing of my breast.
Would I were that baboon, the monkey's sister
Who wed, and smacked his labials ere he
kissed her!"

IV.

But even as he spoke, Fate turned and smiled:
The long-sought fair his eyes rejoiced to see
Munching a cocoa-nut, fond Nature's child,
She sat, a dream of beauty, up a tree.
He wooed her with a piece of saline pork;
Caught his sweet prize, and started for New York.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

And now behold the Simms returned again,
And settled in a trooly rooral cot,
Far in the trackless waste of Yorkville plain,
And eke supplied with water cold and hot—
Modern improvements all that heart could seek:
Also a mansard roof that didn't leak.

II.

Here in a roomy cage of strong bamboo,
He holds his yet unevolved bride,
Whose conversational powers now range from
"Hoo!"

To "Waow!" The livelong day he sits beside,
Watching her education slow advance,
And turning on her love's ecstatic glance.

III.

"The first step," argued Simms's "to evolve her
Is Naturalization. Pie's the means
Whereby her mind, yet facile, I will tutor
To love these strange and unaccustomed scenes.

Ah, she shall learn," was Simms's hopeful cry,
"To rastle with the Great American Pie!"

IV.

'Twas said—'twas done! and all too soon the
national
Dyspepsia caught her in its fearful fangs:
"More pie! But one more step to reach the
rational!"

Cried Smithington, exulting in her pangs.
"If this goes on, ere long the little cuss'll
Yell for a bonnet and a patent bustle."

V.

It is not needful to describe the plan
Smithington worked on. But it did not fail.
And soon the most important change began:
Absorption of the hereditary tail.
Next like to Aphrodite's grew her limbs—
And success smiled on scientific Simms.

VI.

By slow degrees to womanhood she grew;
Her captor watched her, blooming, as a flower
Unfolds its tender petals to the dew,
And waxes fair and fairer hour by hour.
This was the blossoming of the grand idea:
Simms christened her Semantha Dorothea.

VII.

But let no reckless man inquire the fashion
In which Simms evolved from an ape
A perfect woman, palpitant with passion,
Consummate beauty realized in shape.
For if 'twere told, all our suburban villas
Would soon be filled with ingénue gorillas.

VIII.

Suffice it then to say, one year has passed
Since first his prize Simms brought unto our shore:

She stands before him, perfected at last,
Lovelier than ever maiden was before,
He loves her more than mortal e'er may guess:
"Shall we be wed?" She sighs, and murmurs
"Yes!"

IX.

"But one word!" and with all a syren's grace
She rose and stood before the Smithington,
The light of her high purpose in her face:
"And if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay—"
Simms had already taken her to the play.

X.

"But one word more, my maker and my love!
Thou hast made me woman, and given me
a soul,
What wonder if my spirit, raised above
All other women's, seeks a higher goal?
Shall I leave no bright mark on History's page?
My love, my soul!—let me go on the stage!"

XI.

She went. For tender girlhood has its rights,
And when it chooses, on the stage must go.
* * * * *
She played as *Juliet* one consecutive nights.*
* * * * *
And the next day eloped with *Romeo*.
* * * * *

Smithington Simms, upon his wedding-day,
Took insect-powder, and so passed away.

L'ENVOY.

Princes, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
Take heed ere woman hath you in her net;
The female instinct is as strong as death,
To love, to dress, and to play *Juliet*.
Therefore, in all such matters, fix it so
The other man plays Simms, and you play

Romeo.

H. C. BUNNER.

* It is scarcely necessary to state here, in view of the general diffusion of intelligence in the nineteenth century, that the young lady had good press notices, and that she was referred to as "embodying Shakspeare's heroine with phenomenal poetic grace."

PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER III.

THE discovery work still went bravely on. The French, without asking anybody's leave, took the national leave peculiar to that country, and sent out fishing-boats to fool about the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to catch blue-fish and Spanish mackerel.

The Spaniards, of course, must have objected to their mackerel being interfered with.

There might have been a war with France in consequence—but as ordinary history doesn't say anything about it, Puck can't do less than let the matter slide, reserving his right to give particulars when somebody invents them.

Verrazani, a Florentine, wanted to be in the fashion too—so he paddled his own canoe across the Atlantic under French auspices. He touched Newport—the season was at its height. The polo matches amused him immensely. He went to the Ocean House and registered—the clerk told him no Hebrews were admitted. He had just raised his foot, about to kick him out (as shown in our picture), when Verrazani exclaimed:

"Sacré nom de dieu—macaroni vernicelli la ci darem la mano il balen del suo sorriso bravo bravissimo—I ama a romano catolica."



The hotel clerk apologized for his mistake, and gave him a good room with a bath in it. Verrazani thought that the bath was to sleep in, and made up his bed in it. A wag turned on the water at night, and Verrazani woke up and thought he was at sea again.

Cartier, Champlain, Laudonnière, all took a hand in; also Gourgès, who was a soldier of fortune, and the origin of Mr. Daly's play of "The Princess Royal."

By the way, the Fifth Avenue Theatre wasn't then built, but it is almost a matter of impossibility to get at the rights of these things.

Now John Bull said, he'd be blown if a frog-eating Frenchman was going to out-discover him. And as one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen any day—ergo, he ought to discover three times as much.

So Frank Drake, whose Christian name was Francis, and who was called a Sir to distinguish him from his grandmother, who wasn't a Sir, flopped down on San Francisco. He put up at the Palace Hotel, and then asked the Union Pacific Railroad for a pass to Chicago, as he wanted to get up a corner in wheat.

Jay Gould wouldn't give it him.

Selover was a friend of Drake's, and threatened to play "ducks and drakes" with Jay.

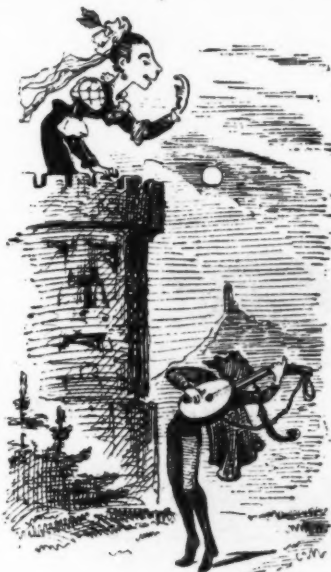
He intended to duck him, but dropped him over a barber's railing instead.

This was the origin of "playing ducks and drakes."

All sayings are founded on something, if you only go far enough back to find it.

Walter Raleigh was quite intimately acquainted with Queen Elizabeth. He sometimes serenaded her at Windsor Castle. He used to drop

in after dinner and discuss sherry-cobblers and politics with her on the stoop of the Tower of London.



He took her to Gilmore's Garden sometimes, and Leicester got kinder jealous, but Raleigh didn't scare for a cent.

Raleigh called Virginia after her, and she made him a knight.

The Indians gave him a chew of tobacco, and a cigar to smoke.

These didn't make him feel sick a bit, as is evident from the picture taken from a photograph of the period.

[It will be seen that he has made a slight alteration in his whiskers and costume so that his own mother wouldn't know him.]



He soon found that it was an acquired taste, and acquired a good deal of the weed, that he might taste it often.

Raleigh tried to bull the market on Virginia stock, and found himself out \$200,000—of some other fellow's money.

The latter practice is not one of the lost arts, and, by the vigorous manner in which it is practiced in Wall Street, and elsewhere, at the present day, it is not likely to become so either.

But it is questionable if Raleigh can lay claim to the invention.

"Rally round the flag, boys," was written by Raleigh, although some respectable historians deny it emphatically.

The readers of this veracious history can draw their own conclusions; but they ought to know that respectable historians are destitute of imagination, and always deny interesting facts—the more interesting they are the stronger the denial.

The Hollanders, too, had a shy in the discovery business.

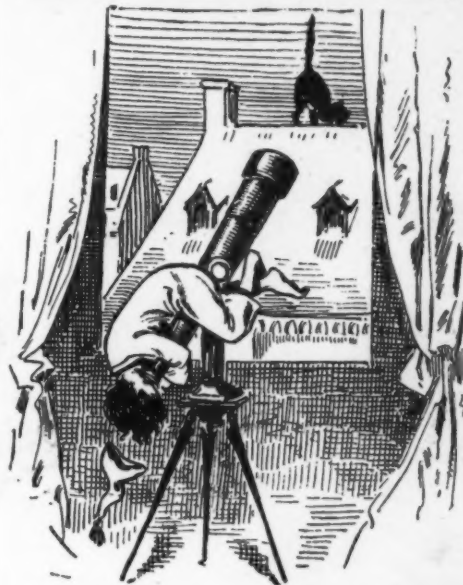
Hudson sailed up the Hudson.

A remarkable co-incidence that his name should be Hudson, and Hudson should be the name of the river.

This is the first time that the attention of the country has been called to the startling fact.

Hudson in his youth had a strong taste for nautical astronomy.

This is how he used to study the astronomy.



The nautical he learned on board ship.

Hudson was astonished at the tall tower and the numerous horse-car tracks on Manhattan Island.

He marveled, from his steam-tug, at the Third Avenue line, and the comfortable manner in which it carried its passengers.

New York was called by the Dutchmen, who were low countrymen, New Amsterdam—which only shows what terrible swearers they were in those days.

Its citizens have never recovered from the blight put upon the city by giving it a name with a d—n.

Readers probably think, if they don't say it, we ought to let up on discoveries. So the next chapter will be devoted to some accounts of settlements, with new and extraordinary revelations, compiled from State papers to which PUCK only has access.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER RESORT NOTES.

AUBURN remains the loveliest village of the plain.

TRAVELERS going to Pittsburgh stop at the next station beyond.

A tourist states that the DELAWARE WATER GAP is in Pennsylvania.

THIS is a good season of the year for the rustic poet to take a long-needed rest.

THE waiters at SARATOGA are on the strike. They strike every hotel guest for a dime.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE, Ky., is a place of quiet resort, and has not been affected by the strike.

THOSE who have returned from SAWTUCKET state that the season there has been exceptionally brilliant.

THE attractions of the ADIRONDACKS have been enhanced by the departure of several fashion-correspondents to Lake George.

IMMEDIATELY upon hearing of the battle of Plevna, Bishop Cox retired to the inaccessible wilds of Alleghany county, and has not since been heard from.

HE was a harmless and mild-mannered young man. But he wrote poetry. So when his friends gathered around and said: "Nine cities claimed Homer when dead," he smiled feebly, and murmured: "Oh, I guess there won't be any trouble about locating me."



THE POLITICAL "LEAP"



EA FOR LIFE" IN OHIO.



AN IDEAL DRAMA.

NEW YORK, August 15th, 1877.

Dear Puck:

I was ill last week, and comparatively defenceless. He knew it, and took advantage of the fact. He called to see me, and found me in bed trying hard to recuperate.

He was a gentleman who had written a play.

I received him very kindly under the circumstances, and asked him to sit down. He did. He was rather an old acquaintance, and one whom I had met at various times and in various places; but I had never suspected him of being a dramatic author.

When he told me of it at my bedside, I didn't know whether to vent my surprise in a smile or a sigh; so I merely said "Indeed," and got to reflecting upon plays lurking in secret recesses in this city, in corners undreamed of, by authors unheard of, and in numbers unthought of, and wondering whether I really had a single friend who wasn't likely, on the shortest possible notice, to develop into a full-fledged playwright.

But my visitor seemed so meek and modest, and spoke so unassumingly withal, that he won me over to him several degrees.

I propped myself up on my pillow, gave several groans—which rather disheartened him, though I didn't intend it—and then said:

"Well, my friend, what kind of a play have you written, and what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Drift," he responded gently, "I value your opinion; you are a keen observer; you can penetrate beneath the guise of conventionality—and that's the kind of a man I want to talk to."

I thanked him. He continued:

"I have written an ideal drama."

My previous notions of his modesty vanished at once. I felt the traditional genius of the playwright breaking loose, and I retorted:

"Ideal?"

"An ideal drama," he said, slowly and with great dignity. "You will notice that I say an ideal drama, not *the* ideal drama."

My admiration began to return.

"Everybody thinks he has struck the great play, Mr. Drift. I don't claim that. I don't say my play is great at all. I don't believe it is. And what is more, I don't care a straw whether it is or not. It is my ideal, though. It isn't the same old two-and-sixpence of a play that runs a hundred nights in New York city. Anybody can write a play like that. It only requires a manager with money enough to run it that long. My play is different. It is purely and wholly unconventional; constructed on entirely original principles."

I was getting interested.

"It has a heroine, of course; but she doesn't blubber and sob all over the stage, and cry her eyes out for the amusement of her audiences."

"Then she isn't emotional? Ah, you have a comedy-heroine?"

"No; she *is* emotional. But don't you see, her emotion isn't of that kind. Her grief is silent. Her tears flow from the heart—"

"That's all very fine; but how is the audience to believe it if they don't see it? You know a New York audience is very hard to convince. If you want them to believe that there are any tears flowing about, you've got to let them flow in the good old-fashioned way."

I said this, thinking of Clara Morris weeping streaks of anguish down her powdered cheeks, to the awe and admiration of the multitude. And my friend scratched his ear for a moment and was silent.

"However, don't let that discourage you—proceed."

"Well, we'll come back to this emotion later. One of the principal features of my play is that it hasn't a soliloquy in it."

"Not a soliloquy?"

"Not one."

"But you have 'asides'?"

"Not an 'aside'."

"Why, my dear boy,"—and this time I scratched my head on the bald spot with the air of one conscious of letting loose a stirring argument—"my dear boy, how are your audiences to know what your characters think?"

"My characters don't think. At least not aloud. Only idiots think aloud. And it isn't fair to the average actor to suppose he's an idiot."

That might have been open to discussion, but I didn't discuss it; and I said, getting really interested:

"If he doesn't think aloud, how is he to convey to his listeners in the auditorium any ideas different from those conveyed to his listeners on the stage? Suppose he is a villain, and the audience has got to be told so, while he has got to appear good and pure and beautiful to the virtuous hero or heroine, as the case may be?"

"This is the great point," he said, with a look of triumph in his eye, and bringing the fore-finger of his right hand to bear upon the palm of his left. "No character of mine ever soliloquizes. There's a part specially written in this play that never speaks a word. His business is to listen. He is called in whenever any of the other characters feel an inclination to soliloquize. He thus prevents the soliloquy. He makes no reply. He takes in all that is said to him, merely expressing his intelligence by an occasional nod. He enjoys everybody's confidence. And quite naturally, too. Because everybody knows his reticent disposition, and nobody ever fears that he will betray."

He paused for a moment.

"Don't you think that's an original idea?"

"I honestly do," I said, with all sincerity. And I revolved in my mind this brilliant scheme. It had its advantages. My friend was consistent, too. The man who heard most kept the most silent. There are times when the soul yearns to give its inmost feelings utterance—when even the chambermaid is called into service as a *confidante* in the absence of a better. There was logic in my friend's device. Even my soul had yearned.

"But there's this thing against it, practically considered," I said to him knowingly. "How can you get an intelligent actor willing to play a part without a line in it?"

"Some intelligent novice who wants an opening on the stage will be glad to do it. It will give him confidence, and it will do him good."

He reflected for a moment, and then added:

"There's no reason why the part shouldn't be played by a woman. I'm sure there are plenty of debutantes to be had there. She could wear a different dress in every act. She—"

"Hold, my friend," I exclaimed suddenly. "Here's where your logic is giving out. How can you expect a woman to keep a secret through a whole play? She'd give the villain away at least two acts too soon every time."

I thought I had him there, but I hadn't.

"If need be, the character could be that of a mute—an unfortunate mute. That would fix it."

It occurred to me, then, that my friend was ready for any emergency, and I gave in. I pictured a limitless number of *Juliets* playing the

part of this dumb confidante. I reveled in the thought of reckless novices all yearning to be tragedy queens, and being advised by calm and considerate friends to begin lower down the ladder by playing first walking mutes.

My friend had struck a great idea.

"Capital," I said; "a new dress in every act, according to the nature of the confidence. The lady would be in the neighborhood, of course, ready to come on whenever needed, lingering on the out-skirts, as it were, like a gay and festive back-ground." I spoke rapidly, and with a touch of enthusiasm.

"You have caught my idea exactly," he exclaimed, joyously grasping my hand. "But that is not all. I have introduced several other ideas, all equally original, that I should like to discuss with you:

"I handle my villain differently, too. He isn't such a terrible villain as most all stage-villains are. I've got a virtuous hero, too. But he doesn't always come on in the nick of time to save the heroine from being hurled to an untimely grave—"

I tried to get in a speech here to the effect that there was no use having a virtuous hero unless he did that—but my friend wouldn't let me speak. He kept right on:

"My characters don't all get married as the curtain goes down; some of them are married in the beginning, and some during the play, and some don't get married at all. The funny man doesn't come on for the sole and express purpose of making people laugh. If he is funny at all, it's because he can't help himself. Half the time he's serious, but nobody knows it—"

"Time!" I exclaimed finally, with a desperate effort. "My friend, it is folly to waste so many ideas at a time. There are too many brilliant thoughts in your drama to be discussed at one interview. Bring me your play. I am really anxious to read it. I thought first when you came that I should be bored. I tell you this frankly. On the contrary, however, I have been really delighted. I tell you this just as frankly. I don't care whether your play be worth a cent, you have enough originality and consistency in your composition to defy any theatrical manager in the world. If Palmer of the Union Square won't treat with you, it's because he is given over to the French Emotional beyond recovery. If Daly won't take your play, it's because you won't let him put his name to it. If Wallack should treat it lightly, don't care, but rest assured, it's because the virtuous hero doesn't come on in time to bruise his fist on a ruffian's nose for trying to thrash a child. Snap your fingers at the managers. Your play will keep. You have hit upon notions at dramatic construction that, until now, I had thought were my exclusive property—and I admire you for it."

He grasped my hand warmly, thanked me fervently, promised to call soon with his play, and left.

Inspiredly yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P.S.—If any of my friend's plans for the ideal should be weak in the execution, the grandeur of their conception will still remain. S. D.

2d P.S.—I shall recur to each individual original feature in some future issue—after I have read his play. S. D.

3d P.S.—In the meanwhile "Pink Dominos," with a fine cast, will be done at the Union Square to night, just as though nothing had happened. S. D.

A FRIEND in Calcutta writes: "Does PUCK come from the Pun-job? Oude think he came from anywhere else? Delhi-ful paper. I wish him plenty of Luck-now that he is making such rapid progress."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Do actors act?

THIS is a bad year for prodigies.

GAIL HAMILTON is going on the stage.

WHAT has become of the beautiful Anna-boyle Lee?

"BABY" is cutting his teeth. He's going to be married next month.

MR. COGHLAN's eye-glass has gone to the Union Square. Mr. Coghlan accompanies it.

ILMA DE MURSKA will appear with consort accompaniment at the Academy in October.

THE Charleston theatre-goer anticipates a brilliant season. So does the Charleston sheriff.

JENNIE MORGAN made a hit in Chillicothe—she struck the critic of the Pan-Handle *Gazette* favorably.

GEO. KNIGHT begins his starring tour at Philadelphia on the 20th. He Otto make a grand success.

THE BONIFACE FAMILY have all been engaged for next season, and now the young man of the Press breathes freely.

THIS evening the Union Square will wrap itself up coquettishly in a Pink Domino, and woo the summer theatre-goer.

THIS is the season of the year when the "star" speaks of his forthcoming engagements; in about two months it will be "open dates."

MISS ANNA DICKINSON is still dormant. Perhaps, though, we'd better not have mentioned the fact. Why stir the sleeping hurricane?

JANAUSCHEK is to appear at the New Broadway in "Brunhild," which is Wagner's trilogy condensed, translated into prose, and de-Wagnerized.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is not so much of a phenomenon as she was. When a phenomenon ceases to be a phenomenon, she becomes a nuisance.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" will be the next novelty at Wood's Theatre. There is a freshness about this production which commends it to the favor of amusement-seekers.

MR. DURAND brings his French company to the 23d Street Opera House on the 8th of October, to give us our beloved Gallic drama in all its original, unwhitewashed naughtiness.

THE Western tragedian is the kind of man who spurns with contumely the offer of less than \$1000 for a week's playing—but if asked to take a glass of beer, accepts with ardor and avidity.

ROSE EYTINGE is playing in Utah in "Miss Multon;" but somehow it doesn't seem to take, as the Mormons can't understand why there should be so much trouble about a man who has only two wives.

JOHN G. SAVILLE, ESQ., is agent for the Baltimore Academy of Music, and he promenades on Union Square with a rose in his buttonhole and a shade of managerial responsibility on his beauteous features.

BALCH, of the San Francisco *Figaro*, not content with editing that clever and vivacious little sheet, has joined the noble army of dramatists. His adaptation of "Michael Strogoff" is soon to be produced at the Lyceum, in this city.

"INGOLDSBY'S" letters in the San Francisco *Argonaut* are quite a feature of that bright paper. "Ingoldsby" is doing a good work in introducing the western public to the gay and festive feuilleton, which he slings with elegance and precision.

MR. WALLACE GRANT is taking a vacation. His health is delicate; and to prepare him for

the fatigues of the Fall season, when he begins to star in "R-R-R-Remorse," his physician has prescribed blood-baths. Wallace is accordingly at the Hoboken abattoir, weltering in gore.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON brigade of British blondes opens the New York campaign at Wallack's on the 18th, instead of the 20th, as rash contemporaries have announced. "Bluebeard" is the piece in which those shapely extremities will resume the twinkling so dear to us of yore.

THE Memphis theatre-goer testifies his appreciation of high art by staying at home, unless some extra inducement is offered. When traveling companies appear presents are given, and the Memphian procures a free-ticket and attends. At midnight, when the performance is over, he takes a silver ice-pitcher to his wife's sister, and says with gravity: "It's no use bucking again the fact, high art pays best in the long run."

WILL. STUART, of the *Graphic*, is the "Walsingham," and the "Saphir," and the "Walsingham-Saphir" of the Washington *Capital* and the Baltimore *Enquirer*, which latter is rapidly gaining popularity. Stuart not only writes a very bright and interesting letter, but starts in with this advantage over every masculine colleague—he can handle the fashions with an ease and elegance unrivaled even among the most accomplished "lady-correspondents."

MISS JOHNSON'S PLAN.

(Boucicaulted from the N. Y. Times.)

ONE of the most striking characteristics of a woman is her cheerful perseverance in looking under the bed for a man. No man in his senses ever looks under the bed for a woman, but there are millions of women in this country who would find it quite impossible to sleep in any bed under which they had not previously searched for a concealed man. Experience is lost upon them. The average unmarried woman of 40 years of age has usually looked under the bed at least 7,500 times, without ever once finding the expected man, but she is not in the least discouraged by so long a course of failure; and it would be easy to find women of 80 or 90 years who still nightly search for the man whom they have never found.

Miss Johnson, of Evanston, will hereafter be famous as a woman whose long perseverance has been signally rewarded. It would be indelicate to inquire into her precise age, had she not described herself in a recent affidavit as having been born in the year 1834, and we may therefore take it for granted that she is at least 43 years old. If we assume that she began to look under the bed at the age of 15, it follows that she has performed that ceremony more than 10,000 times—say, 10,227 times. Until last Friday night she never found the smallest fragment of a man under her bed, but on that eventful night her perseverance was rewarded, and the long-sought man greeted her astonished gaze.

Miss Johnson, being an unmarried lady, not wholly unconnected with the milliner's trade, and full of womanly independence, resides entirely alone in a small house containing but three rooms—a kitchen, shop, and bed-room; and the cool bravery with which she locks up her house at night and seeks her solitary couch, no matter if a first-class thunder-storm is in progress, has for years been the admiration of the more timid of her sex.

It was about 11 o'clock last Friday night when Miss Johnson stooped down and looked under her bed for a possible man, precisely as she had done on ten thousand previous nights.

Whether she was or was not astonished at perceiving a large-sized man lying under the bed with the back of his head toward her, will never be known, but, at any rate, she gave no sign of astonishment, and did not even inform the man that she saw him. On the contrary, she resumed with great deliberation the nocturnal twisting of her back-hair, and even softly hummed, "Nothing but Leaves," with as much distinctness as could be expected of a woman while holding a comb between her teeth. Her back-hair being finally finished, she opened her window, turned down the lamp until it gave forth a dim and modest light, and then stepped gracefully into bed. But not to sleep.

That sagacious woman was perfectly well aware that the man under the bed, not suspecting that he had been discovered, would creep forth with a view to plunder as soon as he found that she was asleep. The bedstead stood in the corner of the room, and from the position of the man it was plain that he would creep out at the side of the bed. Miss Johnson, therefore, changed her usual manner of composing herself to rest, and lay, as she subsequently expressed it, "flat as a pan-cake," with her head projecting over the side of the bed at the precise locality where she expected the man to appear. For at least half an hour she lay perfectly still, watching for the man with a stealthy vigilance that would have done credit to an astute and experienced cat; not a muscle or a hairpin of her frame moving.

At length the man, confident that she was asleep, softly began to worm himself from under the bed, moving after the manner prescribed by way of penalty to the original serpent of the Garden of Eden. Little did he imagine that a pair of pitiless gray eyes were waiting for the appearance of his head, while a pair of lithe and nervous hands were ready to pounce upon his ears. It was not many minutes, however, before each ear was suddenly caught in an inexorable grasp, and his head began to oscillate with remarkable speed between the floor and the edge of the bedstead.

Von Moltke himself could not have surpassed Miss Johnson's tactics. She had the man completely at her mercy. At first his captor maintained a grim silence, but after she had bumped him sufficiently to ease her mind, she addressed him upon the wickedness and folly of seeking to rob her. In vain did the man protest that his motives were innocent; that he had mistaken the house, and had merely intended to take a quiet nap under his own bedstead, where the flies could not find him. Miss Johnson sternly told him that he could not make her believe any such nonsense, and that she would "let him know," and would also "show him." These threats were carried out by a renewal of the bumping process, until the man yelled for mercy so loudly that the neighbors were aroused and rushed to Miss Johnson's house. And then, and then only, did that excellent woman surrender her victim.

Thus did Miss Johnson not only defend herself with the most signal success; but she pointed out the true way to deal with a man under the bed. Most women would have tried to poke the man out with a broom, at the same time requesting him to "shoo." And if the man's education had been neglected, and he had not known how to "shoo," or if, knowing how to "shoo," he had wantonly and deliberately refused to "shoo"—if, in short, from any cause whatever, he had not "shoo"ed, the results might have been disastrous. But Miss Johnson's plan, besides having the advantage of novelty, places a man under the bed entirely at the mercy of a cool and courageous woman; and those women who may at any time hereafter find a man under their respective beds will do well to imitate her example, and share her well-earned glory.

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued.)

TOM rose quickly from his seat, with anger in his face, as though he were about to forcibly remove Fox from the room. His powerlessness was evidenced by a pained expression upon his face. Then he burst out laughing, and seating himself again to his work, said:

"Why should I mind your talking? If I am compelled to listen, I am not bound to believe. Go on if you will." He whistled; and Fox said, disregarding the whistle:

"This is the proper way of reasoning, Thomas. If I were to go now, leaving that unsaid which I have come purposely to say, you would justly have reason to reproach yourself if anything happens for not having encouraged me to speak. As you say, you are not bound to believe a word I say. Now in the first place I will tell you where your wife went to. She went to the studio of Mr. Hugh Biron, her old sweetheart and your rival."

There was a momentary cessation of Tom's whistling, and he continued by an effort of will; but little melody could he command.

"You do not believe me. You have only my word for it at present. You think that though she was there her visit was perfectly innocent. So it may be. She may have gone with a message from her pretty young friend to this man. What business takes that friend from her shop we don't know. Perhaps it is business that could be transacted by your wife, who is also young and pretty."

"Get out of this room!" shouted Tom, again springing to his feet, and this time catching up his stool. Mr. Fox stealthily changed his position, and said nothing.

"Where are you, you sneaking coward? You daresn't torment me if I had my sight. O my God, what a helpless creature I be!" As he spoke he set down his stool, and his hands dropped by his side dead-like. "If you want to hurt me take up this stool, and knock me down with it. I will not call for assistance, and there's none by to check you."

"You are the coward, Reynolds. You will not listen to what hurts your pride. You think only of your feeling being hurt now, not of your wife being saved from future misery."

Tom was no sophist. He believed in Master Fox's cleverness, and was induced by this show of reason to believe that he indeed was thinking more of his own misfortune than of his wife's happiness. He stood in the middle of the room, his head drooping, his hands hanging dead, and listened patiently as Mr. Fox continued:

"Too much confidence is as bad as too little: one encourages, the other provokes duplicity. It is your duty as a husband to listen to what I say, however unpleasant it may be to you. Now I tell you that your wife went into the room where I left her former lover a few minutes before." Tom winced. "In all innocence she may be there—I know nothing, can say nothing to the contrary. She may have found out his address from her pretty young friend the widow," Fox cleared his throat, "and merely called upon him to tell of her marriage, or your blindness and disfigurement."

"Disfigurement!" said Tom. "Why, Mattie tells me I don't look as well as ever I did."

"Dear, dear! But surely your sense of touch must tell you of an alteration in your face."

"I have fancied so," said Tom, quietly passing his fingers over his cheek.

"Why, that shows your wife is a good girl," cried Fox joyfully. "She has hidden the fact from you, thinking it would wound your vanity to know you are no longer good-looking."

"If it be vanity to wish my face may please my wife, then I am vain. Eh! and so I am disfigured?"

"Why, you know that your eyes were the finest in the village—indeed your best feature, and the organs by which alone you could show Mattie how true and good your heart was. They spoke for you. Losing them alone must greatly diminish your attractions in the eyes of a gay, light-hearted young girl."

The inquisitor noticed that his victim began to suffer under the torture, clasping one hand tightly with the other.

"Happily, wives, if they are kept from temptation by constant companionship with their husbands, become indifferent to their personal appearance, as mothers do to their deformed children. Very often—if they have tenderness in their hearts—love grows out of their pity."

"Pity!"

"I have no doubt your wife will in time settle down and become a very happy and good wife; but it is necessary that you should guide her carefully now. Think how young and gay and pretty she is, and that this old sweetheart is also young and very clever, handsome too, thoughtless, a gentleman—"

"Ah, he is a gentleman!"

"I admit that he is honorable; but you must not forget that every man and woman is subject to fall, and that acquaintances begun in perfect innocence have very frequently ended in guilt and utter ruin. I have said all I wish to say; and I am glad to leave you calm and feeling rightly for the happiness of your wife. But if I may counsel you before I go, I will advise you first to prove the truth of my statement, and after that you must act as circumstances direct. I will call upon you to-morrow at this time, and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Reynolds where she should be—by your side."

He withdrew without many more words, for Reynolds was seated in deep thought.

Tom's simple, honest mind was uneasy and troubled, feeling that wit was wanted in this emergency, and conscious that he had none. He could not conceal his disfigured face from Mattie; but a suspicion of her goodness would be yet more revolting to her if she were pure, and how could he prove her truth without her knowledge? If she perceived that his heart was blind to her purity, and scarred with cruel doubts, then what in him would there be to love? Yet for her sake he must not disregard this warning. Long he sat silent and motionless whilst these matters revolved in his brain, and he sought for a "clever" means of overcoming the difficulty before him.

"I might as well try to think of a new method to bud roses," thought he. "There be but one way to get at the truth as I see, and that's straightforward. I'll just ask her where she's been, and if so be she says, 'Minding shop,' why, then I'll know Fox is a liar, and she's my own dear wife."

Yet somehow the honesty of his purpose and his generous faith did not restore perfect happiness to his heart. He sat thoughtful and grieved. "It is certain I am ugly, and that I feared is too true; why, I can feel the scar here yet, and my eyes are gone. What is there in my face to please a young wife? Young girls will be guided ever by looks; they were all I had—except love—to make me worth her having. She tells me I am not altered, lying to spare my feelings; yes, that is how it is, she lies to spare me."

He repeated the words again and again to

himself as his thoughts pondered over and over the suggestions made by Fox. He did not move until a well-known step upon the stairs awoke him to the necessity of appearing natural. He set to work upon the basket at once, his back towards the door.

"Working still, Tom dear?" said Mattie, entering briskly and coming to his shoulder. "And only done that since I left you, you lazy old fellow!"

She slid her arm round his neck, and kissed him as he turned his face upwards to her. His doubts vanished as her lips touched his.

"You haven't been idle, Mattie."

"Oh, dear, no—minding shop as usual."

She spoke hurriedly, with an assumption of carelessness.

"All the morning, I suppose, dear?"

He noticed that she hesitated to answer, and then spoke with her former haste.

"Why, of course I have, you silly old goose. How could I do else? Jenny has to be right away in Tottenham-court Road by twelve."

She was laying her hat and jacket aside as she spoke, and the trembling of the osier under Tom's hand passed unnoticed. "She lies to spare me, she lies to spare me." These words beat upon his brain with mechanical persistency.

"You've ne'er told me where Jenny goes, Mattie."

"Why, Tom dear, no more I ha'n't. She goes to sit to—to—artists and people, and they take her likeness, and actually pay for it 'stead of her a-paying them. She's going out again to-morrow, so I must needs go and mind shop again. But I shall have twelve shillings come Saturday to put in the box, and all for keeping shop two hours a day."

"Three hours."

"Yes, yes—I meant three. Why, what's the matter, husband dear?"

"I ha'n't felt well all day, Mattie, and now I feel strangely sick."

"It is through bending over these nasty old baskets. You shall sit here by the window, and do not another stroke of work to-day; and you shall not speak a word, but listen to my silly chat, 'till you've had your tea; then we'll go for a walk together, and you will come back quite your dear old self."

Concern for her husband's present condition diverted Mattie's mind from a consideration of his questions, which else had doubtless excited her suspicion. She bustled about, clearing the willows away whilst the water was boiling for the tea, and talked the whole time in a bright, sharp little chatter, as musical and gay as the clinking of the tea-things she laid out upon the table. She charmed away Tom's distress for the time; and when they walked in the evening he talked much, as was his wont, and showed scarcely a sign of the heavy care that lay at the bottom of his heart. Whilst her hand pressed his arm, and he heard her pretty voice and rippling laughter, he could think of her only as a creature to be loved then and there, and for all time, with his whole soul. It was when her hand slid from his neck at night, and her deep breathing told she slept, that his thoughts recurred to the charge laid against his wife, and his mind was vexed with sleepless doubt.

It troubled him that he could not accept Mattie's statement, and rest as he rested last night; but an instinctive perception that Mattie had deceived him, and Fox for once told truth, was not to be shaken off; and it was in vain he tried to persuade himself against conviction by saying, "He is a liar, and she is not." He tried to think of other matters in vain, and his inability to control his brain had the effect upon him which extreme pain exercises over men—he wished to cry out, or to pace about the room; yet he dare not move,

lest the wife whose innocence he strove to believe in should wake and perceive his agitation.

He moved ever so slightly, and his hand met hers. Partially awoke, she took his fingers to her lips, and then laid them on her neck, sleeping peacefully again the next minute.

"What a hound I am to suspect the child!" he thought, his heart quickly throbbing, as if set free from bondage by that almost involuntary action of his wife's. "Could she kiss me thus and sleep so readily under my hand if she were unfaithful to me? 'Tis I who be unfaithful, thus to misdoubt her. Were I as pure as she, I too would sleep. My darling!"

As if to reward him for his better feeling, sleep came to him then.

The next morning he would have told her of his anxiety, of Fox's visit, and the injustice he had done her by believing Fox rather than her, but for very shame. By reaction his spirits were as light this morning as last night they had been heavy. A shadow fell upon his heart when Mattie bade him good-bye; but it was no more than that of a summer cloud, and presently his heart shone out brightly again.

When she was gone he turned the key of the door. "I'll have no visitors this morning," he said.

He chuckled when he heard Fox's step upon the stairs, thinking how disappointed the old gentleman would be in not having the power to work further mischief.

Mr. Fox knocked and turned the door-handle. Finding his endeavors to open the door unavailing, he said, in his sweetest tones: "It is only I, Thomas—your friend Fox."

"It 'tis only you, all right," said Tom, and went on with his basket, whistling cheerily.

"But I cannot open the door," said Mr. Fox.

"Why, that's all right, teu."

"Do you intend not to let me in, Reynolds?"

"I deu, Fox. Can't see visitors this morning; I've other business that'll pay me better to attend to than your lies."

Fox stood a few moments in thought, being at a loss to overcome the obstacle checking a progress which had begun so successfully. Presently he took off his hat, put his lips to the keyhole, and spoke; but Tom was singing "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," and all sound but his own voice was as inaudible to him as the falling of pins in a smithy.

"Damn," said Mr. Fox, rising and putting on his hat. It was seldom he lost control over his tongue; but he was vexed beyond measure. He had looked forward with much pleasure to this meeting, and it was so different from that he had expected. He assailed Tom through the keyhole once more when the patriotic song was concluded; but the first sound of his voice Tom accepted as an encore, and sang with an increased vigor.

"Oh, what is the use of trying to benefit a fool?" he growled, straightening his back, and pulling his hat fiercely down over his ears. "He won't believe you, even when you tell the truth."

Again he considered the situation, stroking his cadaverous cheeks with his bony fingers; suddenly he slapped his lean thigh, and at once began to fumble his way down the dark stairs. Out on the open pavement the old gentleman absolutely ran, so eager was he to be doing.

A good workman undertakes no work without first acquainting himself with all its particulars. Mr. Fox had spent the previous afternoon agreeably to himself in making inquiries of Tom Reynolds's neighbors concerning him. Suburban shopkeepers in the afternoon have little custom, and stand at their shop-doors as if on the lookout for gossip. Of these Mr. Fox bought trifles, and asked questions; many knew Tom by reason of his misfortune, and spoke kindly of him and his wife, telling all they

knew. Amongst other things he learnt where the young widow, Mattie's friend, lived, and to her he now hastened.

Half an hour later Tom Reynolds heard the footsteps of a second visitor. It perplexed him, being a woman's and not Mattie's. The voice that asked admission he knew, and he rose heavily, and having opened the door, he returned heavily to his seat, and sat there silently, with his hands folded and his head bent, waiting for the worst.

"'Tis I—Kate Eason. Don't you know me, Mr. Reynolds?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," said Tom, and waited.

"And how is she now, poor thing? May I go into her room?"

"She's not there."

"Not there?"

Tom shook his head, and still sat expectant. Kate took her seat opposite the blind man, and looking into his face, could read there no explanation of his strange manner. There was the apathy which accompanies a sense of bereavement.

"You are cross with me, Mr. Reynolds, on Mattie's account. It was but a silly quarrel, such as we women have now and then. Why should you hold out against me? 'Tisn't like you. You see it was a bit of foolish pride on both sides; each of us thought the other in the wrong, and I thought it was Mattie's place to call upon me first—she having nothing to do, and me being tied to my shop all day. For since our quarrel I've given over sitting to artists. I find it pays me as well to mind my shop, and it is not half so wearisome. Every day I've expected Mattie to call, and she hasn't. But illness makes us forget trifles; and directly the old gentleman brought me word that she was ill, and wanted to see me, I locked my door, rushed off, and here I am."

Tom listened, seemingly unmoved to all the young widow said. A slight muscular movement of his lip was all the evidence of feeling as he heard his greatest fears confirmed. There was one consideration which alone lightened this calamity—Mattie's friend did not know of her deceit.

"I am only too glad to make up our friendship, Mr. Reynolds, and, indeed, so must Mattie be, or she would not have sent for me."

"She did not send for you."

"But the old gentleman—"

"Is a liar. Perhaps made a fool of you purposely."

"What! Is Mattie not ill?"

"No."

"Where is she?"

"She—she has gone out—for—for me."

(To be continued.)



Puck's Exchanges.

THE MEAN SMALL BOY.

THE mean small boy is different from the mean big boy, because all of his tricks are calculated to make other hearts ache. He now takes a silver quarter and makes it fast to a string, and to see him hanging about the post-office one would set him down as a boy who never had an evil thought. He selects a victim and drops the quarter where it will do the most good. The ring of the metal commands attention at once, and the programme is carried out as in a case yesterday. The victim was a

short man, with a very red neck, and when he heard the quarter drop he clapped his hand on his pocket and looked around.

"Did you drop a quarter?" mildly asked the mean small boy, pointing to one on the stone floor.

"Ah! must be a hole in my pocket," replied the fat man as he pulled up the knees of his pants and bent over to pick it up.

He had his fingers on the money when it slid away, and as he straightened up he was greeted with fiendish chuckles from half a dozen mean big and mean small boys, one of whom inquired:

"Which pocket has a hole in it?"

The man didn't say. For some inexplicable reason he refused to enter into any explanations, but hastened away.—*Detroit Free Press*

LATEST FROM SAZERAC.

CURRENT topics always form the base of discussions in the Sazerac Lying Club; and what more natural than that organization should at this time discuss the subject of hot weather? Different members had related their experience of extreme hot weather, and it was thought the climax was reached when a member stated that when he was camping in Southern Utah, once upon a time, he used to fry his bacon and eggs by laying them on a rock in the shade, and they would be cooked in three minutes by the watch; in the sun the food would have sizzled into a coal in about four seconds. There was a moment's lull in the debate, and then the member known as "Old Reliable" spoke up: "Why, down to Arizony, when I lived thar, it was so hot that they used to have to splice two thermometers together so's to git any idea of the heat, and even then the quicksilver would spurt over the top thermometer sometimes."—*Austin (Nevada) Reveille*.

BASE is the ball that pays.—*Buffalo Express*.

THE editor of the *LaCrosse Sun*, in his eagerness to run down Niagara, reduces it to "Niagra."

If the disturbances continue in Luzerne the railroad company will Luz-ernings.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

JAMES WEDLOCK, of New Orleans, is in the bonds of padlock. Case of larceny.—*Rochester Democrat*.

SOME of the Pittsburgh rioters may find that they struck for their halters as well as their fires.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

THE *Utica Observer* says it is the acme of a Brooklynite's ambition to become the subject of an investigating committee.

GIVE the tramps no quarter.—*N. Y. Herald*. We don't. We seldom give them over five cents.—*Norristown Herald*.

If it is true that "a man is known by the umbrella he keeps," then we must be the Great Unknown.—*Worcester Press*.

BOSTON should be sufficiently consistent to change the name of its Swett Street to Perspiration Avenue.—*Phila. Press*.

A CONSCIENCE void of offense is a good thing, but a farm void of a fence is quite another matter.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

If the Coma Indians commit outrages in Oregon, let there be a period put to the existence of the Comas.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE best railroad strike occurred in this place on Friday last, when the pay-car of the R. & S. Railroad struck the town.—*Whitehall Times*.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE says that Wallack's Theatre furnishes good plays, good acting, and good English. Parse him in.—*St. Louis Times*.

THE uncertainty as to the whereabouts of General Pearson has given rise to the suspicion that he has become an Old Whig.—*Worcester Press*.

THE invention of another new patent safety car-coupler has caused another advance in the insurance risks of brakemen.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand watermelons arrived in Boston on Monday. Comment is not so necessary as a little tincture of rhubarb.—*Lowell Courier*.

"ROME has only one man proud enough to pay a boy 15 cents to carry home 10 cents' worth of crackers for him." This is the proud boast of the *Sentinel*.

THE Chicago riots have been suppressed, but a more fearful terror now confronts the people of that ill-fated city. A Chicago man is fitting up a fiddle to run by steam.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE European war has increased the circulation of the London papers from twenty to fifty thousand each. Again we repeat, on to Mexico!—*Kentucky New Era*.

THE *Burlington Hawkeye* reports the arrest of a man named Rudolph Khanew for whipping his wife, and adds that he probably thought a man had a right to paddle his own Khanew.

THE Democratic press is loud in its praise of Governor Robinson for his action during the strike; but it pains us to see that it doesn't call him a second Jackson.—*Rochester Democrat*.

THERE was one business not disturbed by the railroad riots. Banks continued to fail, and life insurance companies kept bursting, just the same as in times of peace.—*Norristown Herald*.

"A Sunday-school boy of this city," states the *Rome Sentinel*, "says if he had been Adam, he would have got a palm-leaf fan, and worried along without any fig-leaf."

THE English newspapers place General Grant next to George Washington among the Presidents of this republic. They also place New York city next to the Gulf of Mexico.—*Worcester Press*.

IT was asked in court, "Who was at the head of this business in Hornellsville?" The witness said, "Donahue." "You don't, eh?" said the severe lawyer. "Well, I'll see if I can't refresh your memory."—*Rochester Democrat*.

YET another warning. Joseph Bates, of Vermont, fell dead while carrying in an armful of wood. Show this paragraph to your wife. Nay, cut it out and pin it to the woodshed.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW are queer creatures. One out in Ohio caught her son-in-law hanging on a limb the other day and cut him down *instantly*. She hadn't got through with him.—*Exchange that stole our paragraphs*.

IT is said fifteen thousand dollars in gold will now buy an American lady a decent outfit to be married in. The price has come down considerably since we, in 18— But never mind.—*Norristown Herald*.

"A SERVANT-GIRL in Boston gave a religious-book agent a five-dollar bill to change," says the *Rochester Democrat*, and the *Democrat* appears to think it necessary to add something more in order to turn out a first-class joke.

At the Tompkin's Square gathering: First Participant—"Hurrah for the Commune!" Second Participant—"And what is the Commune?" First Participant—"The Commune is—the Commune. Hurrah for the Commune!" Second Participant—"Hurrah for the Commune!"—*N. Y. World*.

THE strike on James street yesterday morning was promptly quelled. The old lady marched upon the scene with a broom, and the boy took the saw and returned to work on the wood-pile at old rates.—*Rome Sentinel*.

"STRAWS," says Dryden, "may be made the instruments of human happiness." And they may also be made the instruments of human misery—as, for instance, when they are split and don't draw.—*Worcester Press*.

THE indications are now that next year's Lent will have to be postponed. There is a falling off of 70 per cent. in the catch of mackerel so far this season, and the codfish crop is reported short.—*Norristown Herald*.

POOR people will be gratified to learn that quails are liable to cause inflammation of the bowels to those who eat them. Toast on which quails have stood should not be left where children can get hold of it.—*Danbury News*.

IT didn't suffice for Mr. Johnson to remark at 4 o'clock the other morning, after stumbling up to Mrs. Johnson and bed, "Y'see, m' dear, it c-couldn't be helped. It was the strike. I'm one o' the delayed males."—*Rochester Democrat*.

WE shouldn't be a bit surprised if some country debating society were to seize hold of the labor problem and settle the question before Congress gets a chance to wrestle with it.—*Norristown Herald*.

ROME is too high-toned to have June-bugs and such plebeian annoyances, but it sports a little private insect of its own, yclept the "punkie," which is described by the *Sentinel* as "smaller than the mosquito, but more ambitious."

CHARLIE ROSS, in the depth of his labyrinth, never felt so irrevocably lost as does the young man who for the first time crawls in behind the deep recesses of one of our fashionable roorback collars and steps out into society.—*Rockville Advocate*.

"I'M a poor man, and my father was a cooper," said an opponent of Tom Marshall upon one occasion. "Doubtless his father was a cooper," replied Tom, "but he put a mighty poor head to one of his whisky barrels."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE uproar of the whangdoodle that mourneth for her first-born is as soft and low as the voice of love, compared to the wail of the countryman when he taketh a little stock in the game adjacent to the circus tent and loseth.—*Oil City Derrick*.

\$600,000,000 are annually spent in the United States for drink. How many delinquent newspaper subscriptions does this sum contain? It is heartless to spend in the maddening cup what you owe the printer. He may be thirsty himself.—*Catskill Recorder*.

A FEMALE infant, having no mouth, was recently born in New York. Should the child grow to woman's estate, she would have no difficulty in catching a husband, but how would she hold two dozen hair-pins while putting up her back-hair?—*Norristown Herald*.

A HACKENSACK man was, last midnight, creeping softly along the bedroom floor on his hands and knees, and was feeling tenderly under the bureau for a something he had hidden there the evening before; but his wife awoke and said, "Peter, what under the heavens are you doing?" "Dear," said he, "I'm walking in my sleep and dreaming that I'm plucking water-lilies from the soft, blue bosom of the lake." How to get that flask out of there before she got up in the morning was what worried him more than the water-lilies did.—*N. Y. Herald*.

THE sheriff says he only had fifty men on duty for a few nights; but a careful canvass shows that the number of men who went home long after midnight, and explained to their wives that they had been acting as special police, is about seven hundred and fifty.—*Norristown Herald*.

A ROME doctor asked a bachelor drygoods clerk if his health continued good during the heated term, and the clerk replied: "Scalp of Mohammed! you don't expect a fellow to get up any gilt-edged cholera or anything on boarding-house toast and fried liver, do you?" The benevolent doctor sent the destitute clerk a peck of cucumbers.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A FELLOW can't most always sometimes tell, and he ought, therefore, to be very, very careful. As for instance: You don't know whether the woman standing in the bay window four squares away is shaking her handkerchief at you, or only whipping to death the poor misguided fly that dropped in to buzz a bit upon her window-pane.—*Oil City Derrick*.

EX-GOVERNOR TILDEN philosophically remarks: "When I see a weak, puny man trundling along on a hot Sunday afternoon with an infant in each arm, a baby-carriage hitched to his coat-tails, followed by a stalwart woman with a look of sullen resolution in her face, and a tyrannical swagger in her walk, I feel there are worse calamities than getting eched out of the presidency."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

BOSTON captures its dogs in a very philosophical and scientific manner. The dog-catcher neither lassos, grabs, nor forcibly assaults his canine. He reasons with him, reads him passages from Emerson and Malthus, and the dog quietly lays down his tail and goes along. In Chicago we do it in a different, but quite as effective way; we hit him over the head with a club, and if that don't answer we summon the First and Second regiments.—*Inter-Ocean*.

A ROMANTIC Connecticut young man wrote, "There is a great shade of sorrow near my heart," then took his dose of laudanum and laid himself out. The physicians found that most everything responded to the call of the stomach-pumps, from that vicinity, and perhaps when he gets well enough he will tell them which is beef, and which is potatoes, and which is sorrow.—*Fulton Times*.

AN ex-member of the Texas Legislature was in the British House of Commons, on Wednesday, an attentive listener to the exciting debate; and when Sir Patrick O'Brien intimated that Mr. Gray was a "humbug" and a "fool," he was affected to tears. He said he was reminded of his own dear native State, and he could hardly resist the temptation of seizing an inkstand and hurling it at the "member for Kings county."—*Norristown Herald*.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., is a peculiarly healthy place of summer resort. An invalid afflicted with the worst form of consumption, was recently not only cured by a short stay in Norristown, but left the place a finished paragrapher.—*Puck*. That invalid was a New Yorker, and he came into the *Herald* office two weeks ago with a hat full of paragraphs which he desired to dispose of at current prices. Forty of the puns were on Nicsic, twenty-two on Kars, seventeen on the Balkan range, and eleven on Rustchuk. He was a "finished" paragrapher when he left—so completely finished that he will never trouble a printing-office again.—*Norristown Herald*.

A weather-vane, weatherless and vaneless,
Without the four letters pointing each its way;
No eastless east, nor westless west, nor nothing;
Let us make snowballs in the new-mown hay.
—*Sydney Lanier, as reported by the N. Y. Herald*.

FAIX, Missus O'Toole, take a schmall little onion,
Its flavor is foine; its an illigant brade.
Troth, with me oon hand, sure, I rared up the crature;
And in my oon garden I planted the sade.
Bedad, Missus Doyle, I thank yez quoitely
koinldy,
Be me sowl I rigit that yer dish doesn't suit;
Boot me loongs is quite wake; an' the docther
has towld me,
On account av my hilth, not to ate any fruit.

—Exchange.

A GENTLEMAN traveling through one of the rural precincts a few days since rode to a farmhouse, and thus accosted a curly-headed urchin, who was seated on the top of a gate-post: "Bub, where's your pa?" The youngster replied, "He's just gone down there beyond the cowshed to bury our old dog Towser. The old fool killed himself a-barkin' at candidates for assessor. Be you one?" Our friend rode on. —Holly Springs (Miss.) South.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: "What seems to be wanted in the game of base-ball is an improvement in the umpire arrangement. Each club can win every game on its own grounds, but they all seem to let up as soon as they get into the clutches of a strange umpire. An automatic combination umpire, with a stem-winder and a time lock, would be an improvement."

A FLY is an innocent, cheeky little thing, so insignificant as it were. There are some undiscovered things about a fly. Now, apparently a fly isn't strong enough to hold a baby or kick a mule, and yet these little flies will get up in the morning with the lark, unbolt the window-shutters, raise the window, remove a screen, snatch off the counterpane, roll the sheet into a heap, and draw plans and specifications all over a man. This suggests a query. Did you ever see a fly sit on a bed-post and smile as a man's hand came down where the fly ought to be? Well, sir, it's the most exasperating smile of all smiles, except to see a man smile in a beer saloon and feel a sense of bustedness about you. —Camden Post.



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